

the large hall and were entertained with music and singing and with drill and fancy marching by the High School girls themselves. Then on Wednesday we were entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Palmer in the grounds of S. Andrew's Hostel, where several members of the Conference were lodging for the few days; and on Thursday we repaired to Wantage Hall—the men's hostel—the magnificent gift of Lady Wantage, who had presided over the meetings that morning. So you see, we had no lack of variety, and it is impossible to say which was the most delightful.

As regards the papers and addresses, there too was a wide range of subjects, and though some naturally appealed to us more than others, all were enjoyable and many of the discussions were most interesting. Dr. Morris gave us a great deal of sound common sense in his paper on "The Nervous System," and we all immensely enjoyed Mrs. Phillip's delightfully breezy and sympathetic way of dealing with her subject of "Independence and Authority." Mr. Vaughan made an eloquent appeal against the distraction of worldliness, and the Bishop of Oxford's earnest address on the "Needs of the Spirit" gave us a great deal to think about, and formed a fitting conclusion. Mrs. Franklin reviewed the work of the few days and of the P.N.E.U. generally, and the Reading Conference was at an end. Eleven students were fortunate enough to be there for all or part of the time, and it was a great pleasure to renew old acquaintances and make some fresh ones, and we were all proud to feel that the Secretary of the P.N.E.U. is herself one of us.

This account is very sketchy, but the papers will be reported elsewhere. What I wanted particularly was to try and hand on a little of the delightful sense of freedom and space that was over all. The motto of the Conference was: "Bring the brain to act upon the heart," and surely the unique surroundings we enjoyed at Reading made this much more easy than it might have been had we lived through the same climatic conditions in a less favoured spot.

L. GRAY.

FOLK SONGS FOR CHILDREN.

Some excellent collections are now published, but quite the best is a book by Rev. Baring Gould, who has collected the words of the songs in going through the country and getting the old people to sing to him the songs passed down from father to son. The music to these has been composed by Mr. Cecil Sharp, who has harmonised the exact melodies used by the people.

"Folk-Songs for Children (or Schools)," Baring Gould. About 1s. 6d.

"Child Songs," Carey Brunner. (Publishers, Curwen, Berners Street.)

"The Three Tailors" (a charming song). Published by Novello & Co. in their 1½d. edition of songs.

Other folk-songs can be bought separately in this edition such as "The Three Sons," "Oh, no, John," "Strawberry Fair," and "The Three Waggoners."

"Songs of Innocence," Dr. A. Somervell.

"Children's Songs," Schumann.

"Weinachtlieder," Peter Cornelius.

"National Song Book." Published by Boosey & Co.

"Haddo's Songs." Published by Curwen.

Mrs. Gomme's "Children's Games" is another delightful collection containing such old favourites as "Looby Loo," "London Bridge," "In and Out the Village," etc.

TURNER.

There are so many biographies of Turner that an account of his life is unnecessary here. One point, however, that might be dwelt upon is that, despite his undoubted talent, Turner increased it a hundredfold by his perseverance and hard work. Children with any capability in whatsoever direction are so apt to take it for granted that they can do

all that is required of them without any effort, and the joy of hard work remains unknown to them.

To appreciate fully the position which Turner occupies as an artist we must remember that at the time in which he worked portraiture was the only art; Wilson, the single British landscape artist of that period, being utterly neglected. Turner's earlier paintings were executed according to the technique of his age, and not until after his visit to Italy about 1820 did he burst into colour.

The six pictures set for this term were all painted after this date, the medium employed being oil.

"Ulysses deriding Polyphemus" (1829), now in the new Turner Gallery at the Tate, is described as "the strangest dream ever put on canvas." On the left of the picture is a mass of dark green and blue caves and grottoes, and above them on misty clouds reclines the huge and indistinct figure of Polyphemus. Below is the great galley of Ulysses, crowded with his followers, with sails set, strange pennons flying, and Ulysses himself clad in red, standing on the poop with hands outstretched. Round the boat in a peculiar blue-green sea is a host of weird nymphs sporting about, and behind them two ungainly-looking rocks past which streams a fiery sun and round it that peculiar yellow shade which we find again in the Venetian pictures.

"Golden Bough" (1834), still in National Gallery. This title is based on the story that Lake Avernus was one of the entrances to Hades, and that a bough plucked from the tree of Proserpine would enable mortals to enter Pluto's kingdom.

"Fighting Temeraire" (1838), Tate Gallery. In this nothing was painted true to nature, but the first glance at it is sufficient to arouse all one's sympathies with the cast-off boat. The sun is setting in the darkest part of the picture, the tug is a monstrosity, but the gorgeous colouring veils all this. In the background is a dim blue patch which reveals itself as a long line of shipping.

"Sun of Venice going to Sea" (1843), National Gallery.

This picture is supposed to have lost much of its original transparency, but it is still a lovely glow of pale yellow with the white ducal palace and the domes of St. Mark in the background.

"Approach to Venice" (1844), now in the possession of Sir Charles Tennant. This I have never seen, and owing to press of holiday arrangements I have not been able to identify the Hastings picture.

Turner had a great admirer in Ruskin, the first volume of "Modern Painters" being written to show how infinitely superior Turner's art was to anything then existing. To Turner, art was the suggestion of the glorious beauties of the world around him, and the quickening of human interest in these beauties, not the exact representation of nature by which the realist school interpreted art.

M. E. DAVIS.

HANDIWORK.

Perhaps we are wont to accept the hand-work on our pupils' programmes as a matter of course without considering the reasons for its inclusion until some unsympathetic inquirer asks why hand-work should be part of the P.U. School curriculum.

It is interesting to reflect upon the P.N.E.U. principles that affect the question, and thus to arrive at the knowledge of why we teach hand-work and how it ought to be taught.

First, the phrase, "Education is the science of relations," comes naturally to our minds. Children have to form relations with everything around them; for example, to model clay, then leather, to carve wood, to hammer sheet metal—so that they may know the properties of these materials and how to handle the necessary tools.

There are two ways of looking at this art of modelling. One is that it is, in the current phrase, a means of expression.

L'UMILE PIANTA

14

People want to produce beautiful forms that they have seen in nature, or that the hand finds for them more surely than the eye. This sense of form they try to express in clay, leather, wood, copper, or any other medium, and the result is an original design.

But some teachers of hand-work regard such designs as intended for decoration, and therefore to be studied in relation to the surface they are to enrich. This idea stimulates invention, and in obedience to it, no modelling or carving is allowed until the book-covers, box, cabinet, book-stand, etc., has first been planned. The design is then fitted to the position it is to occupy. Of these two views the artistic seems less popular. But both coincide with our experience that children have a natural desire to make things.

We are to teach them many sorts of handicraft in order to satisfy this desire and that they may be able to choose whether the box, vase, tray, cradle, is to be made of cardboard or wood or cane, or combined of several materials. Here is scope for their powers both of construction and invention, and this is the primary reason for doing handicrafts in school hours.

Teachers also all know the frequent occasions there are during the hand-work lessons for forming habits which we have often seen tabulated under such headings as: "The physical, mental, and moral benefits of manual training." We do not speak of faculties of the mind, each of which requires a particular lesson to train and to exercise it, so it seems better to regard the hand-work lesson as an opportunity for forming and cherishing habits of work, such as close observation, reflection and decision, honesty or sincerity of thought and execution, accuracy and neatness, attention, perseverance, patience under discouragement. They are more evident, more easily encouraged, and bring their own reward more obviously than in other lessons.

The habit of perfect work belongs particularly to lessons of this kind and is our guide in determining how we shall

teach hand-work. We must have a method, that is an end in view and a gradual progress towards that aim. Each new stage must be within the child's powers so that he may accomplish it perfectly, like the half-dozen letters in his first writing lessons. And yet each must be an advance upon the last, so that the hand may be trained as well as interest sustained.

If we are convinced that this is the right way to teach hand-work, we shall not be led away by the partial ideas circulated nowadays about correlation. Of course, in choosing models that interest them, our pupils will very likely select something they have read about in history or geography or literature. And we may often be able to help them to simplify or prepare for an apparently difficult model they have set their hearts on, while they are soberly considering exactly what it involves. But generally speaking, to retain careful gradation in the handicraft lesson, we cannot allow our wish to illustrate other lessons to alter the order in which one model should succeed another. For instance, to illustrate arithmetic requires frequent repetition. But repetition destroys the educational value of any hand-work.

Far more serious is the risk of missing the vital idea of a lesson while we are looking out for some trivial detail to furnish an object for cardboard or clay modelling. Can the idea of kingship be presented by making models of a crown and sceptre?

Advocates of the kind of teaching referred to under the titles "Correlation" and "Hand-work as a Method" maintain that the child shows by doing that he has understood a lesson. But it is questionable whether this is true of any occupations but those that can be classed as Art, which, of course, includes modelling. This can be used as a kind of narration, and shows how far the child has observed and remembered. Nature-painting, as leading to the minute study of natural objects, may also be compared to the use of paper, cardboard, or wood in connection with geometry,

since the latter necessitates close study of the geometrical forms to be constructed.

But beyond these inevitable relations, we must beware of establishing an artificial connection between hand-work and book-work. The child is a person. We expect him to see the natural connection between his lessons without too much prompting. He has the right to a knowledge of things as well as books, and in all our teaching we must not depart from the method proper to each subject lest we spoil both sources of joy in an attempt to combine them.

A. C. DRURY.

POETRY.

I meant to call this paper "The Teaching of Poetry," but just stopped myself in time. I have never taught poetry myself, and I do not think that it can be taught, in the true sense of the word, so my first idea of a title would have been a little misleading. Poetry, however, has its place in the school-room; it must be read, and it must be learnt by heart, and in my opinion its place is a most important one, though the time given in school hours to poetry is often deplorably short.

I have written *must* be read and *must* be learnt deliberately. Children cannot be allowed to put aside this study with a careless "Oh, I hate poetry!" When they are old enough to have their education under their own care, then no one can prevent them from picking and choosing what they will learn, but the teacher must try to inculcate a love of poetry, and, at any rate, see that it is not neglected whilst she is in office.

First of all, what is poetry? I do not know. An Oxford Extension lecturer answered the question for us once (at Ambleside), but his definition did not leave me any the wiser. He said something about clothing ideas in beautiful language, and mentioned rhythm, if I remember rightly, but I cannot

quote exactly, nor do I think that a description of poetry is necessary, even if possible.

After all, who is to limit poetry by definitions? Is not this poetry:—

"Ye mountains of Gilboa, let there be no dew, neither let there be rain upon you, nor fields of offerings: for there the shield of the mighty is vilely cast away, the shield of Saul, as though he had not been anointed with oil"?

And the Song of Deborah, and the nineteenth Psalm, and hundreds of other passages in the Bible? Yet they have no strict rhythm. And is all verse poetry because it may contain ideas gracefully expressed and in correct metre? Of course not. Surely poetry must remain undefined. My idea of it shall, at least, be allowed to defy dictionary definitions. And it seems to me that something of this "*immaterialness*" should be in our minds when we talk to children about poetry. The poet has written down what he has to say: it is for us, each one individually, to find the poetry of what he has written. And to do this often requires an effort on our part. We must dig for the meaning, grasp the idea, enter into the spirit of the author. I think it is Ruskin who tells us that no great poet uses words loosely or gives them their place for mere effect. Each sentence is fraught with meaning, each word has its function to fulfil. And so, to read poetry properly, we must realise that the poet, by means of the words before us, is speaking to us, and it is for us to receive his message, though often it is not before long searching that we can find it.

Then, too, poetry is elusive. How often have I shut up my Browning in disgust with myself. The grandest passages have left me untouched; I have absolutely failed to enter into the spirit of the poems—in a word, the poetry has eluded me. At other times I may acknowledge defeat, but honest defeat. I have dug, I have searched, but the reasoning is too obscure, the train of thought too scantily indicated, and I cannot understand.

Perhaps it seems useless to read very abstruse poetry. Some of Browning used to make me quite angry. It is not sense; can he have known himself what he meant? Surely our difficulty is the outcome of Browning's genius. To his brain the reasoning was so obvious, the logic so clear, that his mind jumped on too fast for us to follow. He left out intermediate steps in his argument as unnecessary; he only marked down the most important points, and hurried on to his conclusion, and we, poor things, are left to flounder after him, and very often lose our way and give up in despair.*

Still, there is much satisfaction in the mere effort, and though we may reach the goal only by missing out many twists and turns of the way, yet the travelling has strengthened us and the practice helped to bring us nearer to understanding and appreciating the minds of others. Now there is another way of reading poetry, and it is a most enjoyable way. I have read Paracelsus twice, and yet I do not think I could tell you one word about it. I enjoyed it more than I can say, but it was merely delight in words, in rhythm, in beautiful expression. The reading required no exertion of my mind; I never realised what the poet wanted to tell me; I did no honest digging.

And this is how many girls read poetry when they are given a certain time for it and left to themselves. "I love poetry." Very good. But do you get from it all that it has to offer you; have you your own idea of what the poet wants to say to the world? It is the same in all art. The painter speaks through his pictures, the sculptor appeals to us by means of marble and stone, but do we learn the lessons they would teach us by the works of their hands, or do we merely admire, pass by, and forget?

"But," you will say, "this is a counsel of perfection and can hardly influence us, who have to deal with those imperfect realities, children in the school-room." Yet it does concern

* It is G. K. Chesterton, I think, who shows us this so clearly.

us, and it must influence us. Consciously or unconsciously, we are aiming at something in all our teaching, we have some wish, perhaps unformulated, as to whither we hope to lead our pupils; then let this be our aim—not mere delight in verse, not mere appreciation of genius, but joined to these a desire to see as the poet has seen and to understand what he would say to the world. Now something more practical, a few words as to method. Remember, we cannot teach poetry, we cannot force a love of it: we can, however, help girls to appreciate both its beauty of thought and its beauty of word. Many governesses have to be teaching the younger children while the elder have their poetry time to themselves, and this is not a disadvantage. Sometimes, however, it is well to change the time-table and spend half an hour or twenty minutes reading and talking about poetry *with* the girls. Do not lecture, do not dictate your ideas, the girls' own thoughts are probably quite as good, if a little crude, so do not put yours on a higher level. Occasionally take a line or so out of what they have read and ask what the poet means by it. For example, "Life, like a dome of many-coloured glass, stains the bright radiance of Eternity." This seems simple enough, yet it needs a little thought to explain the poet's idea. And again, "What was, shall live as before; the evil is null, is naught, is silence implying sound." Yes, but how? why? The statement is clear, but it should not be accepted without the meaning being understood. Sometimes let the girls write, quite in their own words, some part of what they have read, and two or three times in the term give them some passage to study and then ask them, with the book open, to write down the train of thought in logical sequence, as far as they can follow it. This is not easy, but it is a most interesting form of report.

These exercises should not be given too often, nor allowed to become wearisome. Usually the poetry half-hour is spent in reading alone. Girls should be encouraged to ask questions, however; it does not matter if you have to steal five minutes

from some other lesson to answer them. If you cannot answer them, say so.

Some children, of course, will need a simpler diet. They should begin with poetry that is very easy to understand. Enter into their difficulties, help them by changing the form of speech when necessary, use apt illustrations, quote many examples; above all, never show impatience. There is, I believe, nothing more discouraging, nothing more blighting to free intercourse, than a teacher who cannot, when occasion arises, "go slow."

All this, of course, implies a certain amount of thoughtful reading on the teacher's part, but not more, I think, than is possible even with three or four pupils not all in the same class.

And then there is reverence for poetry. I do not know how to express what I want to say about this, but to me it is the most important point of all. We cannot preach to children, we cannot tell them to love poetry because there is something noble, something even divine, in this most beautiful gift by which God, through man's genius, teaches the world. We cannot put this before children in words, I say, but we *can* treat all poetry with a certain reverence, and show that we value it as something precious, so that, seeing our attitude, the children may learn to approach it with a touch of wholesome awe, and be ready, perhaps even eager, to dig deep for its pearls.

After all, there is nothing very difficult in all this, certainly nothing impossible for the governess. A little study, a little thought, a mind ready to work with the children's minds, perhaps a great deal of cheerful patience; given these, then, even if we seem to fail, we may have the great and rich satisfaction of having honestly tried to send our girls out into life with the foundations (sometimes how pitifully low!) of a true love and appreciation of poetry.

I am well aware that I have only dealt with poetry in

Class IV. There is a good deal to be said about repetition for small children, but this paper is already longer than I intended it to be.

W.

A FEW OF GOZZOLI'S PICTURES.

(CLASS IV. WORK.)

Gozzoli's pictures are most fascinating. They depict life just as he saw it round him every day, and the colours he used were so pure and good that they remain fresh and bright even now. Although he painted sacred subjects, there is not much reverence in most of them; and those in which there is are generally reproductions of Giotto or of Fra Angelico, his master. But we see that he must have had an intense love of nature and humanity, and especially of little children, and I believe he had a particular affection for naughty children.

"The Journey of the Magi." This fresco is painted round the walls of the Medici Chapel, an exceedingly small building, which had originally only a door, but some hygienic person ruthlessly cut out parts of the painting for another door and window. The procession winds its way round the building towards the Manger in which the Holy Babe lies. The Magi are not at all the conventional Eastern types; they are simply wonderfully clothed Italian noblemen, each with his magnificent retinue. In the fifteenth century the cult of the procession was carried to an extravagant pitch, and many a time Gozzoli must have seen the gorgeous entry of some foreign potentate, with his bodyguard, falconers, grooms, kennel varlets, etc., swelling the train to an enormous size. The journey of the Magi is a faithful reproduction of just such a procession. Each figure is a portrait; the artist himself is there. There is Lorenzo the Magnificent (p. 152, "Painters of Florence"), in fur-edged brocade, on a proud white charger with tooled and jewelled trappings; and behind

him comes the serried crowd of followers, on horse and on foot, which winds right away into the far distance, between fascinating "fluted" cliffs, with little woods perched on top and strange birds flying in the sky. Secondary scenes are introduced in the background; there is a stag being chased along a dangerously precipitous path by a man and two grey hound-like dogs, and many a charming castle, each with its mazy path; there are rivers with almost "willow-pattern" bridges, fields with sheep and shepherds, and ponds with ducks and other brilliant wild-fowl. And everywhere, making delightful patterns against the sky and distant landscape, are quaintly clipped trees. How a child would love to wander in imagination along the countless paths, and what room for hairbreadth adventures!

Another of the Magi is Michele Paleologo, also on a white horse, but he is clothed in a long dark green robe with wondrous gold embroidery. The third is the old white-bearded Patriarch of Constantinople, holding himself erect on a rather mule-like mount. His robe has slashed sleeves and a parti-coloured skirt, rather reminiscent of to-day's fashion, but the folds are ample. Round the sanctuary is "Paradise." Angels everywhere, reclining on clouds in the sky, and standing or kneeling on the grass-covered ground. Some of the faces are most beautiful. The wings seem made of peacock's feathers, and there is a lovely peacock there among them. They are all singing praises to God, and among each group of standing angels there is one with up-raised hand, who appears to be beating the measure. To describe this delightful fresco adequately is impossible, it is so crowded with wealth of detail and incident.

"The Birth of St. Francis." The baby, a very large one, is about to be bathed by the nurse. The scene appears to be a stable; there are the donkey and the cow as in all pictures of the Nativity, but I cannot find anywhere that St. Francis was born in a stable.

"St. Francis protected from his father's anger by the

Bishop of Assisi." This is reminiscent of Giotto, the grouping is somewhat similar. The father with his friends behind him, occupies the left half of the picture, and he has St. Francis' clothes hung over his arm. The Saint is on the right, with the Bishop in full robes standing close behind him, holding his embroidered cope round St. Francis' otherwise naked body. There are typical Italian buildings in the background, and to the extreme left of the picture are two delightful children.

"The Pope's dream of St. Francis." The Pope lies uncomfortably asleep in robes and triple crown, with two monks watching sleepily beside him; to the left there is a Tuscan church in the act of falling, and a huge St. Francis is holding it up with all his strength. This legend is also told of St. Dominic.

"St. Francis expelling devils from Arezzo." St. Francis is kneeling, praying in a garden, while an obedient monk, standing behind him, commands the devils to depart out of the city. Arezzo is a lovely town, with a deep, narrow, rocky moat and battlemented walls, irregular buildings with dark sloping roofs and slit windows. In the sky above are very solid claw-footed frightened devils, with horns and bat's wings. This picture again is inspired by Giotto.

"St. Francis before the Soldan." Not so delightful as Giotto's. St. Francis, crucifix raised in hand, walks on and over a low, burning fire, while two amazed monks stand behind him. On the right, sitting under a colonnaded portico, on a raised throne, is the bearded Soldan, a magician, and some armed soldiers beside him. There is also a girl, watching St. Francis with hands raised in wonder. In the background there is a brick wall, most carefully painted, and palms and cypresses appear over the top.

"St. Francis receiving the Stigmata." A wild, bare, and rocky scene. The monk who, according to the legend, hid that he might see the miracle, is exceedingly prominent, only a few feet away from St. Francis, who is kneeling on one

knee, hands raised, and face upturned. The stigmata are being impressed by rays, coming from some point outside the picture. Not being a fearless idealist, Gozzoli probably did not dare paint the wonderful vision of Christ, which was seen on this occasion by St. Francis and the hidden brother. In the background on the left is the Saint's little hut, where he spent those forty days alone and fasting; and the ravine which separated him from the monastery is bridged over in the distance by the tree trunk, miraculously placed there for his necessity.

"The entrance of St. Augustine into the Grammar School." This is a charming picture. Splendid buildings with arched loggias fill the background; one seems to be at the end of a street, looking down it. On the left is St. Monica, bringing in her small son, a chubby, boyish little fellow in a pleated frock. The Master, rather a forbidding personage in a dark robe and Florentine headdress, strokes the child's chubby cheeks. Behind him are two schoolboys whispering together; one has his book and pen, and both looking mischievous. Behind them again—that is, further to the right—there is a round, fat babe, shirt well turned up, being held pick-a-back, while another severe-faced master birches him warmly—much to the child's discontent! A glimpse can be caught, too, of the children in the school beyond.

"Legend of St. Augustine by the seashore." Another delightful child is in this picture. The legend of St. Augustine walking on the seashore and puzzling vainly over the mysteries of God is well known. The picture shows the angelic child, trowel in hand, trying, equally in vain, to empty the sea into his little puddle. There is a gentle look of rebuke on his upturned childish face, as who should say: "Neither canst thou hope to understand God's mysteries."

WORK AMONG THE DOMICILED EUROPEAN COMMUNITY IN INDIA.

From the above heading I do not mean to convey the idea that I am going to tell you of this work throughout India, but only of the St. Andrew's Colonial Homes, Kalimpong, where I have been for the last three years. Before coming out I knew very little about the work. My sister, who is a nurse in the Mission Hospital here, wrote telling me that a lady teacher was required in the school at the Colonial Homes. These Homes had been started by Dr. Graham for Eurasians and poor European children at the suggestion of some friends, who felt the need of such an institution where children could be trained in a healthy atmosphere both morally and physically.

I should like first to tell you a little of my own work, then afterwards to give you a general idea of the whole. The children are sent up at all ages; they know very little English—in fact, some of them have to start with the alphabet. For the first two years I had a mixed class, equivalent to Standard III. at home, of over thirty children, whose ages ranged from 10 to 19 years. You can imagine it is not a little difficult to teach children of such varied ages. The principal part of our time is given to English. The inspectors insist on a thorough knowledge of it, and the children cannot expect a situation with a decent salary in India without it. Dr. Graham tries to get most of them posts in New Zealand on farms. At present I have a class of thirty-two in Standard II. Our hours are from 9 a.m. till 12, then lunch, with work again from 1.30 till 4 p.m. We get away from Friday till Monday morning, and have nothing to do with the children out of school. We have four masters for the upper classes and six mistresses, two for the kindergarten.

One thing that the children are good at and fond of is